APART.

Out on a leafless prairie, where
No song of bird makes glad the air,
No hue of flower brings to her eyes
Outward glimpse of Paradise—
A thousand miles and a half away—
My lady is in love today.

And all her heart is singing, singing,
And every new south wind is winging
Tidings glad from her truelover,
And kisses bridge the distance over—
Lips to lips and heart to heart,
A thousand miles and a half apart.
—Orelia Key Bell in The Century.

OBJECTIONABLE PETS.

Mr. Perry was an old bachelor, and Miss Briggs was an old maid. He lived in the brick house on the hill, and she in the cottage opposite, and they were mortal enemies. He despised her because she kept two cats and a canary, and she loathed him for his affection for a huge mastiff and an old knock kneed horse.

"Why on earth the man don't try to get a decent horse is more than I can imagine!" she would say, as he plodded up to the door. "I believe that he is too mean and miserly to buy one."

Miss Briggs would have hardly felt pleased had she known that Mr. Perry rode back and forward on this worn out piece of horseflesh for the purpose of annoying her.

They never spoke, but yet they managed to keep up a perfect warfare by disagreeable manners and wrathful glances.

She sat hour after hour beneath the canary bird in the window, with her cat perched upon the sill and her knitting in her hand, throwing glances of scorn to the opposite side, where he, with cigar and newspaper, received and paid them back with interest.

His detestable dog came over and ran through her garden, destroying all her beautiful tulips and hyacinths, and she gave him a hot bath, which sent him howling to his master, and when said master remonstrated, sent word that she would treat him worse next time.

Her little red cow broke through his inclosure and devoured his turnips and cabbages, and he led her home and informed Miss Briggs that a second offense would give her a comfortable pasture in the pound.

For two years they lived and fought, and no one could bring about peace between them. It was a pity, the neighbors all said, for Miss Briggs was a dear little soul, and there was not a finer man in the country than Mr. Perry.

"Julia, my love," said Mrs. Perkins one afternoon, as she entered the cozy parlor, "I am going to have a party, and I want you to come down in the afternoon to tea and remain during the evening. Every one will be there."

"Will the old bach over the way be there?"

"Mr. Perry? Oh, yes! We could not get along without him."

"Then that settles the matter, I shan't go."

"Now, Julia, don't be so foolish! If you remain at home he will think that you are afraid of him."

Miss Briggs thought the matter over. Well, it would look a little like that, and she would not have him think so for the world—the conceited wretch.

Mrs. Perkins went home, and it was arranged that Miss Briggs was to spend the afternoon and remain for the party.

She was a pretty little woman, and it was always a puzzle to every one why she never married. She had a round, rosy face, clear brown eyes and beautiful hair, and if she was thirty, there was not a smarter woman in town.

She stood before the looking glass in her chamber, and fastened her lace collar over the neck of her dress with a plain gold brooch, and began to think that she looked very well. There was a bright, healthy flush upon her cheek, and her eyes were full of life and beauty.

She walked into Mrs. Perkins' sitting room and found her awaiting her with a smiling face. She thought that she must be in a very good humor, but said nothing, allowing the good lady to smile as long and pleasantly as she wished.

She understood it all when supper time came, and Mr. Perkins entered, followed by Mr. Perry. This was a well laid plan to make the two become friends.

Miss Briggs bit her lips and inwardly vowed that nothing should tempt her to "give that man" her hand in friendship. She hated him, and always would.

He was placed directly opposite at the table, and many times forced to pass the biscuits or preserves, and Miss Briggs accepted them, although she declared to Mrs. Perkins after supper that they nearly choked her.

Before evening they were both persuaded to overlook the horse and cow difficulty, and be civil, and Miss Briggs was frightened when she found herself talking to him with easy and pleasant familiarity.

The party was a success, and although the sports were generally monopolized by the younger portion, they found room for the old maid and her enemy, and several times they found themselves doing most ridiculous things in the way of paying forfeits.

At the end of the evening Miss Briggs was at the door ready to depart, when he called:

"Miss Briggs, I am going right up your way. Will you ride?"

Would she ride behind that old horse, and beside that detestable man? She was wondering whether she would or not, when Mrs. Perkins came and triumphantly led her out, and packed her into the carriage.

It was as dark as pitch, and they had to let the horse go his own way and find it the best he could. He did so very well until they reached the cottage, and then he was bewildered.

Mr. Perry spoke, jerked the reins, but to no purpose. He then took out the whip. Whether his natural dislike to that article, or the memory of the indignities he had suffered from the hands of the owner of the cottage overcame him it is hard to decide, but at all events he kicked up his heels, ran a few yards and fell, overturning the buggy and its precious contents.

Miss Briggs was up in a moment, unharmed, but Mr. Perry was silent as the grave. She ran shouting through the darkness until Mr. Perry's "help" came with a lantern to her assistance.

They found the poor man half dead beneath the carriage, and while Dan was at work Miss Briggs ran home for her own servant. After much hard labor they succeeded in extricating him from the wreck, but he was senseless, and they bore him home and sent for the doctor. Upon examination they found his leg to be broken, and thus Miss Briggs' enemy was at her mercy.

The days and weeks that followed were dreadful ones to the sufferer, but Miss Briggs never left him. Day and night she stood beside him, and her plump hands administered to every want.

He forgot the cow and his turnips. He forgot the cat and the canary. He only saw a little patient woman, with a pretty face, trim figure and tender hands—and would you believe it—fell in love with her.

How could he help it? She had sat by him through the dreary days of pain, she had brought him her preserves and nice, invigorating cordials. She had, in all probability, saved his life.

What could he do? Nothing but fall in love.

"Miss Briggs!" he said, one day when he was able to sit up,

"Well, Mr. Perry!"

"You have been very good to me, and I feel as though I owe you a great deal."

"There! now just stop where you are. You owe me nothing."

"But would you mind if I trespassed a little further on your good nature?"

"Not at all."

"Well, Miss Briggs, will you take me in charge for the rest of my life?"

"What?"

"Will you marry me? There!"

Miss Briggs blushed, and her answer came thus:

"I will marry you."

There was a wedding in church a few weeks later, and Mrs. Perkins prepared the wedding supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry live in the brick house, and the cottage is rented to a young man and his wife, to whom Mrs. Perry bequeathed her cats and the canary.

The mastiff and the knock kneed old horse are with their forefathers.—Ballou's Monthly.

Making Cheese in Small Quantity.

Since the establishment of so many creameries and cheese factories throughout the country, cheese making in families has almost become a lost art. The night's and morning's milk may be put together in a large kettle and brought almost to blood heat, when rennet is put in and stirred up with the milk. After that it must not be disturbed again until it has curdled and whey appears on the top and sides of the kettle. Dip this off carefully, so as not to break the curd and cause a whitish whey. This whey may be warmed and turned back to keep up the temperature until the separation of of the whey from the curd is complete, when it is all dipped off again and the hardened curd is cut from time to time into inch squares with a large knife to still further aid in the separation of the whey.

After this the whole is dipped into a coarse strainer cloth, spread in the cheese basket and placed over a tub to drain. It is then chopped in a chopping bowl or rubbed into small pieces and salted ready for the cheese hoops, when it is gently pressed until the whey is all expelled. A dried rennet is soaked in salt and water in a stone jar, and the amount required will depend on its strength and must be learned by experience. A tablespoonful to a gallon of milk is about the usual quantity. When on the shelf to dry the cheese must be rubbed daily with grease made from heated butter until it is cured. While a quite small fruit or cider press might be used, it would not be well adapted to the purpose, and a cheap one made by a carpenter would be better.

Senator Stanford's Graveyard Palace.

In writing about the magnificent mausoleum which Senator Stanford is erecting in California for his final repose, and which a New York man is having cut at the quarries in Vermont, I had mislaid the memoranda of measurements he had given me, and which give some idea of the vastness of the funeral pile. These measurements, it will be remembered, are all of the stone when cut and ready for shipment. The center stone weighs 40 tons; two roof stones weigh 23 tons each; the gable stone weighs 25 tons, and two other stones weighing 23 tons are also used in the construction. Two granite sphinxes, 8½ feet in length by 6 feet high, and weighing 13 tons each, will stand at the bronze gate of the tomb and keep guard over the dust and ashes inclosed within.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Crowding Out Small Dealers.

The big shops in Paris have not formed a trust, but, as though by tacit consent, they work together to crowd the small dealers out of business. If two or three of the small establishments drop prices to gain trade, they are met by such a reduction on the part of their enemies that they are threatened with ruin and are glad to get back to the former rates. One man, owning a small shop in the vicinity of a successful and wealthy rival, sought to avenge his wrongs a short time ago, and to a certain extent succeeded. On several successive days he passed the big store with a concealed syringe in his pocket, and whenever the opportunity offered he squirted ink on the exposed white goods. In this way considerable fine stock was destroyed before the author of the mischief was discovered.—Chicago News.

Origin of Yellow Fever.

The latest suggestion concerning the origin of yellow fever comes from Dr. Gabier, a French physician. He believes that the disease is analogous to cholera; that it flourishes only under peculiar conditions of race, climate and temperature, and that its first cause is the development of microbes in the intestines. He has received a commission from the French government to go to Florida and study the disease.—Chicago Herald.

Careful of His Mind.

Woman (to tramp)—I s'pose you've traveled a good deal in this country?

Tramp—I know every foot of it, ma'am, from Portland, Me., to the Rio Grande.

Woman—Don't ye git tired o' travelin' sometimes?

Tramp—Occasionally, ma'am, I am oppressed with more or less ennui; still, there's nothing like travel, you know, to broaden one's mind.—The Epoch.

A Form of Exercise.

"I am convinced, Miss Irene," said the professor, "that my regular professional duties are interfering seriously with my health. What I need is exercise, Miss Irene—exercise."

"Don't you think you would find walking to be an exercise of great benefit, professor?" inquired the young lady sympathizingly as the clock struck 11.—Chicago Tribune.

A Bible Student's Observation.

An observant Bible student said recently: "I have never known, in all my observations, of a Jew who was a carpenter, and whether the fact that the Bible tells us that Jesus was a carpenter has put any odium upon that occupation in the eyes of the Hebrews has been a question that I have never heard answered."—New York Sun.

A paste of whiting and benzine will remove spots from marble.

EXPERT CRACKSMEN.

HOW PROFESSIONAL CROOKS PLY THEIR NEFARIOUS VOCATION.

Safe Breakers Who Outwit the Genius of Skilled Mechanics—Peculiar Methods of Burglars—A Dangerous Tool—Watching for the Watchman.

To adopt the well known thief taker's expression, the "professional" crook is far from being the tough and rowdy usually pictured by the agitated fancy of the alarmed citizen. The most successful burglars are not of the Sykes class, so graphically depicted by Dickens' fertile pen. They are intelligent and not infrequently ingenious mechanics who would command the highest wages in honest pursuits, and those members of a gang whose part of a "job" it is to reconnoiter the ground have the bearing, appearance and manners of well-to-do business men whose presence around banks and great mercantile establishments would not excite the least suspicion. The practical safe breaker studies the latest mechanical inventions in his line with as much intelligence and application as the safe builder, and experience teaches that the cracksman frequently outwits the inventive genius of the legitimate mechanic. While the work of the burglar must of course be adapted to the circumstances of each particular job, there are certain peculiarities of noted cracksmen by means of which experienced detectives are enabled to say with almost absolute certainty who perpetrated the crime. There are burglars who would never enter the house by any other way than the scuttle in the roof, choosing an adjacent vacant or partly occupied building as a starting point; others will sneak into a house and keep themselves concealed until the time for their work has arrived; still others prefer entrance by the basement or some rear window not sufficiently secured with grating. Doors which are merely bolted from the inside offer not the slightest obstacle to the professional burglar. A simple and noiseless trial will at once show him the location of the bolt. With a fine bit he bores a hole not more than an eighth or a sixth of an inch near the bolt, pushes through a loop of thin but strong silk or fishing line, and by means of a pliable steel tap, usually watch spring material, he knows how to fasten the loop around the knob of the bolt. A quick pull is sufficient to move the bolt in the slot. This operation is for fine work in hotels or fashionable residences.

The safe breaker does not associate with those who "crack" a store for the purpose of stealing bulky goods. He represents the aristocracy of the profession, and uses force only when it is absolutely necessary. Combinations of safes have often been learned by this class of crooks through obtaining access to the premises after business hours, removing the dial of the combinations, fitting a sheet of tinfoil over the latter, and replacing the dial. The legitimate opening or closing of the safe makes the impressions of letters or numbers on the soft foil sought to be obtained by the burglar. At a second visit the dial is readily removed, and for the expert one glance at the foil is sufficient to apply the combination, which opens the safe without force. Disordering the combination after the robbery, so that the safe cannot be opened again for hours, is a favorite method of the burglar to gain time for escape. If force is required the mechanical burglar has quite a formidable array of tools—his "kit," as he calls it. The complete kit contains an air pump, putty, powder or dynamite, fuse, sectional jimmy, steel drills, diamond drills, copper and steel faced sledges, lamp and blow pipe, jackscrew, wedges, syringe, brace with box slide, feed screw drill, steel punches, small bellows, skeleton keys, nippers, dark lantern, twine, and screw eyes.

The most dangerous of this outfit is the second power in mechanics—the screw. The method used in breaking open the safe in Henry W. King & Co.'s establishment, for instance, is a practical illustration of the power of the screw. In this case the burglars first rigged a brace against the vault door. Then they drilled a hole through the door near the dial, cut a thread into the hole, and inserted what is termed a female screw. Into the latter they fitted the jackscrews, provided with a handle large and strong enough for two men to work at the turning. The jackscrew went in until it struck the combination. Then the tremendous force of the formidable burglars' tool came into play. The entire combination was broken off. In some cases the force is not directed against the combination, but against the back plates of the safe door, usually the weakest part of the entire structure. Something must "give" when the screw comes into play, and either the back or the front plate is forced out of its position sufficiently to admit the sectional jimmy, which, together with the wedge, or "widdy," finishes the work of bodily tearing asunder the most improved "burglar proof" safe.

To ascertain whether there is a watchman on the premises to be visited the professional burglar has a very simple but effective stratagem. He forces a piece of thinly shaved whalebone between the doors of all exits and the outer casings of the doors. If the whalebone is still in its place in the morning at the usual hour of opening for business the door has not been opened by any one. A watchman in leaving the premises in the morning would naturally cause the whalebone to spring to the ground. The use of twine to the burglar is just as important as the telegraph is to the public. One of the first steps taken by the burglar after effecting an entrance is to fasten one end of twine to something near the safe, and run the other end out to the outside man, who watches, to give the signal if it is safe to keep on working, to keep quiet for a time, or to come out at once. The outsider scatters beans or sand along the sidewalk for some distance near the place of operation so that no person approaching can walk without being heard.—Chicago Times.

Take a Superior Subject.

Few adult minds retain accurately considerable masses of isolated facts, and it is commonly observed that minds which are good at that are seldom the best minds. Why do we try to make children do what we do not try to do ourselves? Instead of mastering one subject before going to another, it is almost invariably wise to go on to a superior subject before the inferior has been mastered—mastery being a very rare thing. On the mastery theory, how much new reading or thinking should we adults do? Instead of reviewing arithmetic, study algebra; for algebra will illustrate arithmetic and supply many examples of arithmetical processes. Instead of rereading a familiar story, read a new one; it will be vastly more interesting and the common words will all recur—the common words being by far the most valuable ones. Instead of reviewing the physical geography of North America, study South America. There, too, the pupil will find mountain chains, water sheds, high plateaux, broad plains, great streams and isothermal lines. The really profitable time to review a subject is not when we have just finished it, but when we have used it in studying other subjects and have seen its relations to other subjects and what it is good for.—Atlantic Monthly.

THE SOLDIERS OF JAPAN.

The Mikado Availing Himself of the Forces of Modern Civilization.

The arsenal of Koishikawn is Woolwich on a smaller scale, with 100 rifles and 70,000 cartridges for its day's work; the dock yard at Yokosuka is not behind Woolwich and Portsmouth in much except size, and first rate torpedo boats and the most elaborate modern ordnance are turned out there with the regularity of Armstrong or Krupp; the Armstrong cruisers lying off Tokio bay are almost the finest vessels of their class afloat, and could make matchwood of any British vessels here except the flagship, and they are manned and officered entirely by Japanese seamen; while the war department has at least 40,000 men under arms at this moment and on a declaration of war could put 100,000 troops of all arms, and perhaps many more, in the field, with weapons equal to any carried today except the latest repeating rifles, all of whom would have served at least a year with the colors, and the majority for three years, and who would make a desperate fight against any army in the world. Yet twenty-five years ago Japanese soldiers were huge, grotesque, iron mask helmets to frighten the enemy, chain and lacquer armor to turn his blows, their great shoulder cannon would have been antiquated in England at the time of the Armada, and they were led by a man with a fan!

Tokio is almost as full of soldiers as Metz; there is hardly five minutes in the day when you cannot hear a bugle blown somewhere; mounted orderlies are always trotting about; sentries stand on guard almost as thick as in France, and the groups and troops of young soldiers in their white summer suits and flat German caps, with red or yellow bands, soon become the most familiar objects in the city. The men themselves are neither so short nor so slight as I had expected, and their resemblance in dress and face and build to a company of South German recruits was startling at first sight. In their gymnastics, which are very regular and thorough, they are as good as Germans, which is saying a good deal, and when stripped for these they show solidly built, well developed bodies—exactly what Americans call "stocky." The rigid precision and frequency of their salutes, too, would satisfy a continental martinet. But the one paramount impression that is left by a careful and fairly complete personal examination of the Japanese army is its resemblance to similar forces in England.

As for the performances of the troops themselves, I have never seen the infantry manual and platoon exercises better done, and I say this with full recollection of seeing crack Prussian infantry at drill every day for months. The marching and company drill, too, was first rate. If one made any criticism it would be that the wheeling in line was somewhat unsteady, and that the marching at one four and six deep through the streets shows the slovenliness of their French model. —Tokio Cor. New York World.

Going Out with the Tide.

There is a belief that the soul of man lingers on the threshold of eternity until the turn of the tide, and then, as the waves recede, it goes out from the corporeal clod to float forever in the golden haze. Thus arises the question, "Do men's souls go out with the tide?" You know this superstition has long existed, and there are living right here amongst us hundreds of people who believe in it. You remember, when Dickens was alive, he was familiar with this superstition, and in his novel, "David Copperfield," he does not let "Barkis" (who was so willin' to marry Clara Peggotty) die until the turning of the tide in order to confirm the superstition on this point; and Shakespeare makes Mrs. Quickly, in "Henry V," speaking of Sir John Falstaff, say: "A parted even just between 12 and 1, e'en at the turning o' the tide."

Right here in our own New England states a physician whom I know of makes this startling statement: "Within the last five years, in a district embracing sixty square miles or so, by the sea, I have noted the hour and the minute of no less than ninety-three demises in my own immediate practice, and every soul of them has always gone out with the tide, save four who died by accident. It is a riddle—a mystery. But I, who have sat with my finger on the wrist of many a feeble patient, and noted the pulse rise and strengthen or sink and vanish with the turning of the tide, know that it is a fact." This is the only piece of evidence, outside the statements of the romancers, that has been secured. I know that this doctor is a conscientious man, but he admits himself that it is a riddle and a mystery. Doctors—the most learned in Boston and New York—have assured me that the result of this investigation, heretofore alluded to, is simply a coincidence.

"It's superstitious bosh;" that's the unanimous verdict, and the condemnation, like all doctors' affirmatives or negatives, is sweeping. "It's bosh, and that settles it!" is their way of thinking. Doctors tell me they find in their practice scores of enlightened, intelligent people who watch the action of the tides more closely than they do the movement of the pulse, and if the patient lingers after it has turned they heave a sigh of relief and say: "He will live till the tide comes in again." No amount of argument will convince these people that such is a mistaken notion; the superstition is too firmly rooted. —D. J. McGrath in Boston Globe.

Cut Off from Communication.

Late last spring the two cable lines that connect Australia with the northern hemisphere suddenly and simultaneously ceased to work, and the island continent was for a time cut off from instantaneous communication with the older world. The fact that both cables on the same day failed to render their usual service was regarded as a remarkable coincidence and excited alarm. Letters from Melbourne say the opinion was general that this strange coincidence was either the result of a great convulsion at the bottom of the ocean or was the work of an enemy; and every Australian government lost no time in putting its defenses in the best possible condition. It was not long, however, before placidity of mind was restored by the discovery that nature, and not man, was responsible. In the great volcanic belt south of Java, where the two cables lie within forty miles of each other, they had been simultaneously fractured, it is supposed, by some tremendous submarine disturbance. —New York Sun.

Delights of the Jinrikisha.

In a farming country like Japan, where in the best districts the roads are as smooth as a floor, jinrikisha travel affords the jolliest of opportunities for observation. The jinrikisha, a Chinese invention, is an overgrown doll chaise, of a size to carry one or two men, and drawn by a team of one, two or three Japs. I never tried the double seated article, but can vouch for the delights of the jinrikisha solo. A rubber air cushion is desirable for the small of the back, and two lively and ambitious men for motors. They whisk you over the road at a steady pace of six miles an hour on the level—sometimes exceeding that rate—and will average nearly five miles on mixed grades. I have one record of 9 3-5 miles made in 1 hour and 23 minutes by a single man on a level.—American Agriculturist.

THE LATEST IN JEWELS.

A corrugated column of silver makes a unique cologne bottle.

A pretty jewel box is the form of a double heart, Queen Anne style.

A pretty combination box for holding stamps and matches is of gold.

A new piece of pocket jewelry is a silver rule with gold hinges and ends.

A useful oddity is a spirit lamp shaped like a tomato and elaborately fluted.

An old shoe horn is of stained ivory, with a silver handle twisted rope fashion.

Edelweiss, with a diamond dew drop, is one of the novelties in hairpins this fall.

Some new bracelets are adorned with various insects set in diamonds and rubies.

Silver chatelaine mirrors after the style of Louis XIV are tasteful and fashionable.

Roman and Etruscan gold sleeve buttons with opalized borders are new and tasty.

Many new and attractive designs attest the return of vinaigrettes to popular favor.

Inkstands of onyx with gilt bronze wells form a handsome edition to the writing desk.

Monster toilet bottles with silver tops ornamented with etchings have become the fashion.

A unique bonbon box of cashmere pattern, done in enamel of bright colors, makes a pretty present.

The latest addition to desk furnishing is a silver inkstand, plaque shaped, with wide border chasing.

A new and peculiar cigar lighter consists of three silver lamps in the form of barrels, surmounted by a large one.

Silver backed army brushes with etchings of historic battle scenes are among the handsomest prizes for military skill.

A fancy match safe is a clever imitation of the rubber which has an ink eraser on one end and an ordinary rubber at the other.

The newest card rack has a plain body set in a chased border. It has three toes at each corner, decorated with repousse work.

An odd match safe is made of silver and gold, representing a box of cheap matches with the cover off, exposing the sulphur tips.

For a penwiper, the silver head of an elephant with trunk elevated and resting on the tips of its ears and tusks, makes an odd design.

A silver barometer set in a chased silver saucer, the border of which is decorated with cupids and rose leaves, is a pretty table ornament.

An elegant photograph frame is of silver, rococo style, with twenty odd irregular pearls in the border, surrounded by chasing and etching.

The strap bracelet of alligator skin with the facing wide enough to hold a gold open face watch is becoming popular as part of a lady's riding habit.

Harlequin, hanging from a pair of gold swinging rings, makes a queer sugar tongs. When the rings are pinched his feet clap together like cymbals.

An elaborate photograph frame is of silver in the form of a double heart, ornamented with a firebrand and quiver of arrows and tied with a lover's knot.

Cupids and roses surrounding a plain disk prettily decorate the back of a gold hand glass, the handle of which represents the symbols of love and music.

A pretty little device for abstracting bonbons is a pair of silver tongs in the form of folded grape leaves, into which the thumb and first finger are thrust.

A letter clip of silver wire, ornamented with the owner's initials, and a pen wiper with a center of oxidized silver are among the newest appointments for writing desks.

The latest novelty for holding bonbons is a rectangular silver tray measuring in width about half its length, with fluted borders turned over at each end and ornamented with an etching of a wedding feast.—Jeweler's Weekly.

PLAY PEOPLE.

Joseph Murphy is worth a quarter of a million, which he has saved out of his enormous salaries.

Gus Williams first acted in the "free and easy," dives in New York. He now plays to big money.

James O'Neil has made at least $150,000 out of "Monte Cristo." He began life as a utility man in a San Francisco theatre.

Denman Thompson clears $7,000 to $8,000 a week with his "Old Homestead" company. It is said that he saves no money, however.

Charles Plunkett, now well known, was a year or so ago an understudy in the New York Casino company. His future is now assured.

Marie Jansen is now pretty well up in the theatrical tree, although she made her first appearance on the stage Sept. 15, 1880, in a small part.

The story of Nat. Goodwin's life reads like a romance. He began as an imitator at small entertainments. He is now one of the most successful actors on the stage.

Pauline Hall, who receives probably the highest salary of any comic opera prima donna who is not a star, began her stage career nine years ago as a chorus girl.

Francis Wilson was born an actor, but a theatrical career was the one thing his parents objected to. He now receives $500 a week salary while in New York, and $600 while on the road.

Henry E. Dixey went on the stage first as a song and dance man in concert saloons and dives. He next animated the hind legs of a canvas heifer. Now he clears fabulous sums with his "Adonis" company.

Harrigan & Hart's record is interesting. Tony Hart was sent to a reformatory for truancy. He escaped and went on the stage, soon becoming very popular. He is now in an insane asylum. Harrigan is still making immense sums out of his New York theatre.

Clara Morris began her theatrical life in Cleveland, O., where she was employed in cleaning the theatre, adding to the slender income thus obtained by appearing at night in the extra ballet, for which slight histrionic effort she got $6 a week. She worked her way up by degrees until Augustin Daly saw her, and then she began to grow famous.

Why He Left.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked one of the neighbor's boys as his companion came out of the alley gate. "Ain't finished your dinner a'ready, have ye?"

"Nop."

"Didn't ye get any?"

"Yep; but I didn't stay to finish it."

"What made ye leave so soon?"

"Well, I said something at the table and everybody but pa laughed."—Merchant Traveler.

A Question of Kinship.

A fiddler said: "My brother plays b-e-a-utifully on the double bass;" but the double bass one, on being asked, denied having a brother. How was this? Easy enough. The double bass one's sister said so.

LEGAL NOTICE.

VIRGINIA.—IN THE CHANCERY Court of the City of Richmond.

S. S. P. Patteson, trustee..... Plaintiff,
Against
W. D. Tompkins, Wilson Tompkins, W. M. Tompkins, R. G. Pegram, and C. S. Stringfellow, partners as Pegram & Stringfellow; S. S. P. Patteson, in his own right; E. D. Tompkins, Abner F. Harvey and Lewis H. Blair, partners as Harvey & Blair; H. W. Bouldin and ——— Bouldin, partners as H. W. Bouldin & Co; A. S. Burgess, styled pg nt; C. R. Saunderson, K. E. Layman, J. S. Starke, John L. Payne John S. Davis, and Jacob L. Moon, partners as J. S. Davis & Co.; Walter Stovall, W. T. Wilkinson, W. J. Parry, John D. Wisner, B. H. Goodloe, C. M. White, H. F. McAlister, R. B Deane, A. R. White, S. S. Deale, Samuel Lockhart, Miss V. S. Kinsolving, H. E. Magruder, W. S. Mahanes, G. R. Mahanes, Thomas M Buck and ——— Flanagan, partners as Buck & Flanagan; L. F. Thomas, Mrs. S. A. Lanahan, B. G. Payne, Fleming Gooch, James Hamner, J. H. Martin, ——— McMath and ——— Morgan, partners as McMath & Morgan; M. M. Jarman, Miss S. R. Coleman, W. E. Page, Patrick Maloney, J. A. Early, and T. L. Early, partners as J. A. Early & Son; Robert Tacy, R. D. Norvell, and John M. Norvell, partners as Norvell & Co.; Jacob L. Moon, The First National Bank of Richmond, Virginia, The National Bank of Virginia of Richmond, Virginia, and a Cardwell Houchens..... Defendants.

(Extract from Decree July 6th, 1888.)

* * * * * * "On consideration whereof, the court doth adjudge and decree that this cause be referred to one of the commissioners of this court who shall take and report the following accounts, viz: 1. An account of the transactions of S. S. P. Patteson, trustee, in the deed executed to him on the 5th day of October, 1887, by the firm of W. D. Tompkins & Co., and W. D. Tompkins. 2. An account of all debts secured by the said deed, with their priorities. 3. An account of all property and assets conveyed by said deed. 4. An account showing the amount of the indebtedness against Edward Moon and F. C. Moon; how the same is secured, and for what amounts the same was pledged before the said deed of October 5th, 1887, was executed; and the said commissioner shall further enquire and report as to the rights and duties of the said S. S. P. Patteson in regard to the proceeds of sale of the tobacco held by W. D. Tompkins & Co. on consignment, and on which they had made advancements to the owners, and which tobacco they shipped to England in their own name for sale; also, as to the rights and liabilities of the parties in respect to the tobacco, or the proceeds of the sale of the tobacco, the receipts for which, or, as they are sometimes called, the 'tobacco notes,' for which were deposited by W. D. Tompkins & Co. to secure money borrowed from the First National Bank of Richmond, Va. The said commissioner shall give notice of the time and place of executing this decree by publication once a week for four successive weeks in some newspaper published in Richmond city which shall be equivalent to personal service of notice on all parties to the suit, except the plaintiff and the members of the firm of W. D. Tompkins & Co., and the First National Bank of Richmond, Virginia, who shall have personal service of notice. The said published notice shall warn all persons claiming to be secured by said deed of October 5th, 1887, to prove their claims before the said commissioner, or be hereafter barred from asserting the same."

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
ROOM NO. 2, SHAFER'S BUILDING,
RICHMOND, VA., October 13, 1888.

To all parties in interest:

Take notice, that I have fixed upon November 5th, 1888, at 9 a.m. as the time, and my office, No. 2 Shafer's building, Richmond Va., as the place, for the purpose of executing the decree from which the above is an extract. In accordance with the directions of said decree I hereby warn all persons claiming to be secured by the deed from W. D. Tompkins & Co. and W. D. Tompkins to S. S. P. Patteson, trustee, dated October 5th, 1887, to prove their claims before me at the time and place above mentioned for executing the decree, or be hereafter barred from asserting the same.

Given under my hand this 13th day of October, 1888. WILLIAM M. TURPIN,
Commissioner.

T. S. MARTIN,
S. S. P. PATTESON, } p. q. 3oct13-1awtw